

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE -  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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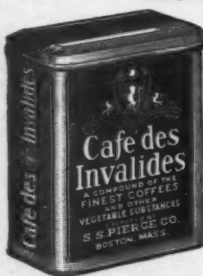
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 4

FOR the benefit of Societies in other States it may be said that the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has long been prosecuting for the cropping of dogs' ears and tails and seldom has failed of a conviction.

ON the other side of Jordan," not in the sweet fields of Eden, in what is known as Trans-Jordan, now a free state under Amir Abdullah, a humane society has been started and is reaching the children in the government schools.

A HOSPITAL for animals has been opened at Canea, the capital of the Island of Crete. The condition of the animals there is described as pitiful. So the work widens. The Greek government has promised a grant of 5,000 drachmas.

FOR all organizations like the National Consumers League that are working for those who are so often defenseless and helpless against the cruelties that are a part of many branches of trade and manufacture, we bespeak a generous support.

BETTER cows, or cows better cared for, must account for the fact that while there has been a fifty per cent increase in the consumption of dairy products during the last ten years in this country, the number of cows has decreased per 1,000 consumers from 225 to 204.

THE Society for the Protection of Animals at Nantes, France, has sent a petition to the Pope asking that in the universal catechism now in preparation a special chapter may be devoted to the duties of man toward animals. Several bishops and cardinals have expressed their hearty sympathy with the petition.

THERE are five states in this Union of ours which have no workmen's compensation laws for men, women, or children. Here they are: Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, North and South Carolina. This often means, especially for children in these states, almost a lifetime of suffering and want.

## WHAT DO WE COVET FOR AMERICA?

IS it the good will, the honor and respect of the world? Could this nation have any more priceless asset than the confidence and friendship of other nations? Once trusted, honored because of its high character and recognized purpose to serve humanity rather than to seek first its own glory and wealth and power, how securely might it rest in the consciousness that it was protected from war by forces mightier than gunboats and armies. We are sick and tired of the shouting of those so-called patriots who cry "America First." What man could retain the regard of his fellows for a moment who avowed such a principle as a ruling motive in his own private life? "Me First." Enough there are, doubtless, who do put "me" first, but most of us who think this are ashamed to admit it. More crimes have been committed in the name of patriotism than in the name of liberty.

Here is an excerpt from the *Congressional Record* for January 18, 1927, which all Americans may well ponder. Who are its authors? Members of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. You might have thought some sentimentalist had written it ignorant of what the word patriotism meant: "Can any thoughtful American view with indifference the growing odium with which this country is coming to be regarded by our European associates? This would be distressing whatever the occasion; but when from the European point of view, there is convincing justification for their unfavorable estimate of us, should we not welcome a chance to talk out our differences around a conference table?"

## HEAD AND HEART

THAT education is not a panacea for the ills of the world, or a savior of civilization from the crimes and follies of men, no student of history can deny. Unless the cultivation of a nation's heart goes hand in hand with the training of its intellect the latter may only increase its power for evil. The more skilful the hand that wields a Damascus blade, the more fatal work unless the sword has been drawn in a just and righteous cause.

Here is seen the vital importance of that

teaching or training, which more and more the world is coming to know as "Humane Education"—the cultivation of the spirit of justice and compassion everywhere in the hearts of the children of a nation. Out of this spirit, the spirit of all religion worthy of the name, come those human relationships that put an end to the prejudices, the bitternesses, the jealousies from which wars have sprung, and the cruelties that have made life for man and beast so often an inferno of pain and torment. Well may Norman Angell, the distinguished British author, lecturer, and economist, say:

"Education, in the crisis of man, has not saved the nations. Despite the fact that the governments of Europe were in the hands of educators, we participated in a recent war of destruction. Educators guided the policies of the countries, but they didn't save them from disaster."

## THE GRAMMONT LAW

THIS law under which societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in France so long had to act, we are told by *La Protection des Animaux*, is in a fair way to be greatly changed for the better. According to this law it was impossible to prosecute for an act of cruelty to an animal if the act occurred in private, and, if we remember rightly, if the cruelty was inflicted in these circumstances by the owner; and the maximum fine was but a few francs. The commission for civil and criminal legislation has just taken favorable action upon such changes as impose a fine of from 16 to 500 francs and an imprisonment of from eight days to six months, one or both penalties, for any cruel treatment of an animal whether in public or in private, whether the offender is owner or not and whether or not he has it in his custody. In case death should result from such cruel treatment, both fine and imprisonment must follow.

Should this new act become law, it will multiply the power of the French societies a hundredfold in dealing with cases of cruelty.

IN South Australia it is now made compulsory by law to exercise daily every dog that is kept on a chain.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS DEGRADES HUMANITY

FIRST STATE LEGISLATURE PASSES LAW MAKING USE OF STEEL TRAP ILLEGAL

## THE CAPTIVE LION

ANNA M. FIELDING

*HIS huge head with its tawny mane,  
Is pressed against the wire;  
Asleep, the beast forgets his pain,  
In land of heart's desire.*

*His form of massive strength lies prone,  
Inert, his velvet paws—  
Unmoving as if carved in stone—  
Hushed, his rebellious roars.*

*He leaves the floor of hard cement,  
With kingly mien to roam,  
In pathways his forefathers went,  
In far-off jungle home.*

*The meager, metal water-pan  
Transforms to forest stream,  
Where with impetuous joy he ran  
To drink, drink deep—in dream.*

*The smooth, tiled walls no more he sees;  
But in their stead appear  
Rank undergrowth, luxuriant trees,  
Where wild beasts have no fear.*

*Dream on, O regal beast! Heartsease  
And freedom will come yet—  
When jungeward your spirit flees,  
Far from captivity's fret.*

## SOUTH CAROLINA LEADS OFF

THE South Carolina legislature has passed a bill making the steel trap illegal. As a piece of progressive humane legislation it is of the highest importance. This is the law in effect:

## House Bill No. 117

That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to set, sell, make, use or have in possession a steel trap or any like device. Any violation of this section is declared a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or less than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year, or less than three months. (Act to take effect upon approval of the Governor.)

## TRAPPING BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

SEVERE criticism of the trappers sent out by the Bureau of Biological Survey to rid certain sections of predatory animals continue to come to us. The testimony of eye-witnesses has been sent to Washington of the outrageous cruelty with which some of these trappers have destroyed the victims when found entrapped. An investigation of the charges has been promised in answer to letters we and others have written. It seems to be admitted that some of these trappers have long trap lines of from 150 to 200 miles. One can easily see the days of suffering many of the poor creatures must endure. The only excuse for these long lines appears to be the lack of funds to provide more trappers. Surely if a government like ours is going to destroy these animals, it is folly to talk about lack of money. A part of this work is done by individual states. Washington, for example, has 16, while Oregon and Idaho employ from 50 to 75 annually.



POSTER AWARDED FIRST PRIZE BY THE LATHAM FOUNDATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HUMANE EDUCATION, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

## THE FARMER AND THE FUR TRADE

SEVENTY million dollars a year the fur industry says it distributes to farmers' boys in return for the skins trapped by them. It further says, "Opposition to anti-steel-trap legislation will come from the farmer, who will not be content to be deprived of his most efficient and economical means of protecting his stock and crops from vermin, and who will not care to forego the comforts and luxuries provided by the income from the sale of this by-product from his farm."

These are rather interesting statements. First we are rather surprised to learn that so many of the furs with which women adorn themselves are from vermin, and that the farmers should be able to collect \$70,000,000 annually to rid themselves of these same vermin. In the second place we can't help wondering how far the farmers of the United States will be willing to be held responsible for so large a bulk of the suffering caused by the steel trap—one of the cruellest devices ever invented by man.

## THE NO FURS LEAGUE

REGISTER your protest against the further use of the non-killing steel trap, by subscribing to the following and sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.:

Henceforth, as a protest against the cruelty involved in the capture of fur-bearing animals by the steel trap, I will wear no furs.

## ANIMAL POSING

L. E. EUBANKS

A MONTH or so ago I was talking with a man who has had several years' experience in training animals for the circus. He said that the champions of the dumb animal cause were exactly right, that animals suffered a great deal from such work, and that he had abandoned the profession chiefly because of the cruelty inseparably connected with it.

He discussed many of the popular tricks done by animals, and explained the means employed by trainers. He said that only a few of the trainers he had known were intentionally cruel, but that the unnatural discipline and often the stunt itself were undeniably a form of torture to the animal.

This agrees with the ideas I have always held on animal posing. Many people believe that simply standing, sitting or lying in one pose, even for a prolonged period, is easy. But they forget how the animal's nervous system was all but shattered in the development of that self-control. Such a performance is absolutely unnatural for an animal, and it is never mastered without months of exhaustive, nerve-racking practice—for which the poor creature, as payment, gets an extra bite or two to eat!

Duration of a pose is not the only consideration. The position of body and limbs is the main thing that causes strain. A horse may stand still on his four legs for quite a while without any suffering other than the consciousness that he is under strict command and will be punished for any mistake.

But when the horse is put on a small, high pedestal and made to stand on three feet while the fourth is elevated to a painful height, the muscular and nervous strain is multiplied many fold. Add to this the revolving movement of the pedestal (a very trying thing for any large animal) and we have a combination of conditions that will bring fatigue in a very few moments.

As a lover of animals I greatly regret this general ignorance on the subject of posing. It is one of those things that looks easy but is extremely wearing. When strong men, after years of training, say that posing is the hardest work they ever did, it must mean something.

Eugene Sandow, posing for a sculptor, was required to extend one arm almost horizontally for as long a period as he could, and do it repeatedly, meantime keeping every part of his body perfectly still. He afterward said that this was harder than his most prodigious weight-lifting feats.

If a person, knowing the purpose of his efforts, finds a great psychological and nervous strain in posing (in addition to the purely physical exhaustion), what must be the feelings of a dumb animal, with no understanding of the motive, no adequate reasoning faculty, and no incentive? Let us think of these facts before we indorse the popular opinion that posing stunts for animals are easy and different from tricks involving movements.

Jack London Club is now over 380,000.



## SPRING SONG

HAZEL KELLER STRUBEL

THERE'S a bluebird in the orchard and he tells  
me it is spring  
With the softly muted treble of his voice;  
And my heart is full of gladness when I see him  
on the wing,  
For he tells the world to listen and rejoice.

There are fleecy clouds a-sailing in a lovely azure  
sky,  
And the tree trunks glisten blackly in the sun;  
There's a warm south wind a-blowing and it  
swirls the leaves on high,  
For the changeful month of March has now  
begun.

O, tomorrow may bring snowflakes and a wintry  
wind that's chill,  
And the world may think that spring is far  
away;  
But within my heart I know I'll hear the blue-  
bird singing still,  
With the selfsame muted treble of today.

## HOW BEAVERS HANDLE TREES

LESTER BANKS

A BEAVER needs bark for food and timber for building his house, and he is the greatest "logger" among the lower animals. You probably are familiar with his dam-building talents, but he is equally clever and efficient in the forest.

At tree-felling each beaver works independently. A small tree is cut through from one side, but a larger one usually on two sides or all around, the chips being split out much as by a woodsman's axe.

The common impression is that only small saplings are cut down by beavers, but this is a mistake; trees three feet in diameter are sometimes felled—and in workmanlike style, too.

The small tree offers no problem at all. A big one may keep a family of beavers busy for several nights, but a single experienced beaver can fell a four-inch poplar, chop it into five-foot sections, and transport the whole tree to the water in a single night.

It's a sight worth seeing to watch a beaver take a log over the ground to the lake or stream. He grabs it with those wonderful teeth and drags with a strength that is positively astounding. In the water he tows it, or sometimes grips it with his arms, swimming alongside, and steering with his broad, agile tail.

I have seen a beaver go to the pond bottom, reappear with all the sticks he could hold in his arms, and walk upright on his hind legs to the top of his house. They have not only brains to think, but the strength and suppleness to execute their plans.

When he has a choice, the beaver will nearly always select the aspen. The bark of poplar, willow, alder and birch is acceptable, but aspen bark is the preference.

## THE PUFFING ADDER

FATHER JEROME

HE knitted a silvery trace  
As delicate as any lace  
To guide me aside a thistle—  
Then signaled with sybilant whistle  
To stroke his fine patterned head—  
My friend whom so many dread.

John L. Stoddard, Lover of Animals  
and Friend of the Unfortunate

JOHN L. STODDARD AT HIS VILLA IN MERAN. THE INSERT SHOWS "ROLLA," ONE OF HIS THREE DOGS

FOR many years the president of our Society has been honored by the warm, personal friendship of this distinguished lecturer and writer, now retired from public life and living at Meran, a charming spot in what was the Austrian Tyrol, now, alas, by the Treaty of Versailles, delivered over body and soul to Italy. Here, amid his books, loved by a host of those who have shared in his neighborliness and his gracious ministry of service to them, in hours of need, especially during the terrible years of the war, he is living out life's later days, his nature chastened, beautified by the discipline that the years have brought. Though he says nothing of it himself, that "fair guerdon" of fame is surely his now after the long "laborious days." His interest in our Societies has been constant even though he has lived abroad for almost a generation.

The picture we give here shows him to us within the enclosure of his Villa at Meran. Near him is "Rolla," of whom he writes in a letter recently received and whom he rightly considers a fine illustration of "canine politeness":

I have three dogs—Rolla, Paula, and Rigo—related to one another as grandmother, daughter and grandson. Rolla and Rigo have learned the trick of opening a closed door, which they do by leaping up and pressing down the handle and pulling or pushing the door open. Thus, unless the doors are locked, they have the run of the house. Paula has, however, never learned to do this. Accordingly, when she wishes to go out or to come into the house or to pass from one room to another when the door is closed, she barks or whines and her son Rigo will thereupon get up,

go to the door and open it for his mother! Rolla, the grandmother, will not do this for her, thinking it probably beneath her dignity. Paula accepts this filial devotion as a matter of course and does not agree with the theory that the rising generation is wanting in respect for its elders.

In the same letter he says:

In a charming little magazine called *The Swiss Monthly*, published at Lausanne, I read recently the enclosed article about an abandoned, heart-broken dog, which made a deep impression upon me. Perhaps you would like to reproduce it in *Our Dumb Animals*. It seems to have been originally published in an English periodical called *The Lady*, and was reprinted in *The Animals' Friend*. It is certainly worth passing on. The incident is a striking proof of the intense affection which all dogs, who are made much of by their owners, feel for their masters, and of how long and poignantly they suffer when they are "left behind," lost, stolen, or even given to some other master.

## Mistaken Kindness

"At St. Briè I met, on the sands, a dog which had the look of a Gordon setter, but he may have been just a mixed breed—a nice dog, black with tan paws and muzzle. What struck me most about him was his air of gentle melancholy.

"Now I am fond of dogs, so I went and had a talk to him, and he responded very pleasantly, though without enthusiasm; but he never really cheered up at all, and remained lying where he was until I moved away, when he followed me a few paces and then stood still, his head raised as if he intended to howl,

but only a thin, little, sad sound came from him, and his eyes seemed fixed on some far-off sight. I could not cheer him up, although I tried both morally and physically with caresses and with Berton buns. I was told that he is always like that. He is like a haunted dog, who can never make himself happy, and the reason is that some one to whom he belonged went away to England, and, knowing that the dog would have to be some months in quarantine there, thought it might be kinder to leave him in surroundings to which he was accustomed. So he was left at a lodge of the chateau, where his body lives, though his heart is afar. It is touching to find that a dog's heart is so faithful. The children on the plaza are all well inclined towards him, and he does not resent, but only ignores, their attentions. His attitude is always one of hopeless waiting and watching—his lifted head and far-away look and ghostly attempt at a howl will haunt me for some time.

"I wonder if some one, reading this, will recognize the dog and, learning how sad he is, will send for him to come home?"

"Once before, years ago, I wrote about a dog I found at a seaside place, 'left behind' by mistake, and through my mention of him, his people traced him, so there is a chance for my poor friend at St. Briev."

When I was living, before the war, on the shore of Lake Como, I had the dearest and noblest dog I have ever known. In 1912 I revisited the United States and was away from my Italian home and my dog Leo for several months.

That devoted creature literally pined away in our absence. The servants were kind to him, but he was inconsolable. Whenever he heard a steamer or a motor-boat approaching, he would hurry to the garden wall and look intently and longingly at those who disembarked, hoping to see among them his master and mistress. At last he refused almost all food, and when too weak to run to the wall, as usual, would lie on the verandah and lift his head at the sound of the steamer, listen, look, and then sink back with a sigh. Had I known it, I would, of course, have hastened my return, but I was kept in ignorance of his condition. When finally I did arrive, he was totally blind, but he knew my voice and our meeting was inexpressibly touching. He lived only a few days longer, but I thank God that he did not die without that final joy. This experience of my splendid dog, dying literally of a broken heart, has affected my whole subsequent life, and hence I am anxious that the enclosed article on "Mistaken Kindness" may find as many readers as possible.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN L. STODDARD

#### THE BLUE-BIRD

VERNE BRIGHT

SING, sing in my apple tree,  
Bird of the skyey wing;  
A lilting lay of love and light,  
A mirth-song of the spring.

The leaves are in their childhood,  
The cherry's in first bloom,  
The blue is on the violet,  
The yellow's on the broom.

Sing, sing in my orchard tree,  
Bird of the silver note;  
Let all the joy of heaven pour  
From your prophetic throat.

## Swinging Village is Palm Beach for Feathered Folk

RUTH ROBINSON

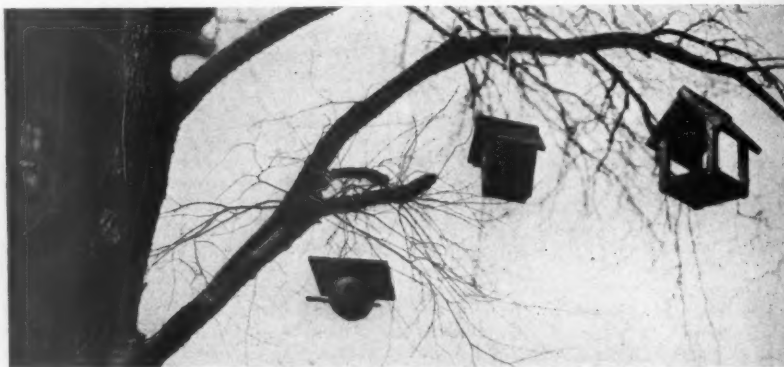
BIRDS who have gone South for the winter and who are now making their plans to return to the North for the summer months are all getting their tickets with stop-over privileges so that they may visit the Bird Cafeteria and filling stations when passing over Baylor College, in Belton, Texas. News travels as quickly among the bird folk as it does among mortals, despite their various devices for speedy communication, and it was not long after the first little bird scout discovered the cafeteria and filling stations until word of the discovery was birdgraphed in the direction of the four winds.

Birds of all sizes and kinds found in Texas flock to Baylor College to build their summer homes. The large campus is covered with groves of trees that are especially adapted to the housing of the feathered folk, and the fountains and near-by creek furnish ideal bathing resorts during the hot summer months, as well as a source of water supply. Food is plentiful during the spring, summer, and fall. The wood and great open spaces on the 400-acre campus grow every variety of berry, fruit, and other bird-goodies, and the gardens cater only to the fattest and juiciest of worms. So that when the weather is warm and the grass and trees are green and the flowers are in bloom, the necessities of life are very easily obtained for the bird folk of the campus.

caucus was held, action taken, and things are different now. Though the trees are still bare and the ground is still hard, there is a difference in the general appearance of things. Tiny bird houses of various types of architecture have been placed in the trees, and long strings of food-stuff swing from the branches.

Soon after word of the discovery by the scout bird had reached birddom, several visitors made it convenient to see for themselves if the rumored wonders of the cafeteria were really true. And they have found just exactly what the message to birddom stated. There is a bird shelf placed on the south side of a large brick building, and on this shelf are grain, bread, nuts, and many other good things that people who love birds know that birds eat. Then there are filling stations swinging in the trees where the birds who are too shy to come to the shelf may eat. An array of bird-houses, equipped with all modern conveniences, are close by for the use of any of the feathered folk who wish to occupy them.

While the birds are hopping about enjoying themselves and making a choice of the variety of good things to eat and as they investigate the filling stations, curious eyes are observing them from the other side of the window. The class in ornithology, which is the second class of its kind in the history of Baylor College, was not content to learn of the habits and



BIRD CAFETERIA ON CAMPUS OF BAYLOR COLLEGE

Mrs. Painted-Bunting has only to give Mr. Painted-Bunting the market basket and send him to market with instructions to bring home the most select groceries, and Mr. Painted-Bunting usually finds just the brands his fastidious little wife specified, with perhaps a few extra dainties to surprise her.

But conditions are not so favorable in the winter. The worms crawl so far down under the ground that they are not easily scratched out, and all the growing things in the gardens and in the fields put on their brown coats and go to sleep until spring. When the leaves fall off the trees and there is no protection for the tiny feathered people against the winds and the rain, they have to leave their favorite haunts on the campus and scatter about over the country for the winter. The college girls missed their little friends and recently voted to hold a grand caucus to see if they couldn't determine some means by which they could keep them throughout the entire year. The

haunts of birds simply by reading about them from books, but determined to see for themselves how their little friends conduct themselves, and it is they, who, when the birds are not watching, open the window and fill the tiny water pans and seed dishes on the bird shelf, and who, by means of a ladder, replenish the filling stations.

Miss Lucille Capt, instructor of the class, says that the winter months are the best time to study birds in Texas. It is then that the winter visitors begin to fly North and the birds from farther south begin to pass through. There are many interesting birds who make their homes in Texas, and it is of these birds that the class is making a particular study.

.. AUSTRALIA observed Be Kind to Animals Week beginning with Humane Sunday, March 6. The observation of this week is fast encompassing the globe.



## GREAT PROGRESS IN SPAIN

FROM Joaquín Juliá, secretary of the Spanish Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants, Madrid, comes this most encouraging report:

"We have recently obtained from the Government a decree having the force of law which does not merely forbid cruelty to animals, but positively enjoins kindness toward them. Regulations are being drawn up for the enforcement of this law, which by reason of its positive injunction of kindness is, so far as we know, unique in the legislations of Europe, and, perhaps, of the world. The Spanish Government has appointed an official committee, presided over by the Minister of the Interior, the mission of which is to see that the law mentioned above, receives effectual execution, throughout Spain."

Be Kind to Animals Week was celebrated last October with extraordinary success. The scope of protection was extended to plants and flowers, to the children, the Spanish mothers, and even to the "Motherland." The Royal Princesses, from San Sebastian, wrote: "Gather the best flowers from the gardens of the Royal Palace and offer them in our name to the poorest children in Madrid, so that they can give them to their mothers, as proof of love and respect to all Spanish mothers." But the most astounding thing of all was the result achieved by the Bands of Mercy, of which 48 have been organized. In Spain these are called Leagues of Kindness. Señor Juliá writes about them:

"In order to promote a favorable and stable body of public opinion, without which our efforts would not produce any lasting result, the Federation proposed and helped to bring about the creation of Leagues of Kindness for children in a number of schools and colleges. In England, these organizations are called 'Bands of Mercy,' but we imagine that their activities are more limited than those of the Spanish Leagues which are concerned with the protection of children, animals, and plants. These Leagues, which are steadily increasing in number, are under the management of the children themselves, who show great enthusiasm and energy, and we rely very much on these Leagues for the preparation of the future citizens. We recognize that custom and habit are even more deeply ingrained in a conservative country, such as Spain, than in other places, and the Federation feels that the best and, indeed, the only sure way to create a change in public opinion, which alone can guarantee any lasting results, is to implant their principles firmly in the minds of the rising generation. We have been much gratified to see how eagerly and practically the children are carrying out the ideals set before them. The children have shown in many practical ways that they are really in earnest. They have surrendered of their own accord to their teachers the slings with which they used to kill birds; they have joined heartily in the affectionate homage of Mother's Day (another innovation); they appoint their own League officials and even issue small magazines; they plant gardens and learn to know at first hand the flowers and trees which they have undertaken to protect; they are zealous in the denunciation of public ill-treatment of mules, donkeys and other animals. These positive results are all the more surprising on account of the age-long blunting of the finer sensibilities of the Spanish people for which the spectacles of the bull-ring are responsible."

## WISE DOG SENSED DANGER

THE clever and timely action of the quick-witted family dog in giving warning of fire finds frequent expression. When the danger threatens, it is this trusty watcher of the night, looking out for the protection and safety of those he loves, perhaps more than



"TEDDY," WHOSE BARKS SAVED HOME

they have realized, who is first to sound the alarm and arouse them to instant action.

"Teddy" is the dog whose pose in the above picture offers a most interesting study. He proudly belongs to Mr. and Mrs. James A. Tighe of West Newton, Mass., and to him they give the credit for saving their home from the flames. In the early morning hours of February 8, before anyone was astir, it was Teddy whose piercing barks made the welkin ring. When smoke began to creep up through the house from a smoldering fire in the cellar, it was the zero hour for this dog to do his bit. First to the bedside of his sleeping mistress he tore and awakened her by his sharp barks and tugs at the clothes, then to his master, whom he aroused in similar manner. Fire had burned the wires so that aid could not be summoned by telephone, but Teddy's loud and persistent calls were also heard by the neighbors, who saw the smoke and rising flames and quickly notified the fire department. The fire was extinguished.

These are the facts briefly recorded. Teddy is now "My Hero" to all in his neighborhood. He listens intently when the story of his exploit is told, and with eyes, ears and tail, and actions that speak plainer than words, acknowledges the praise that is his due.

## RAILWAY Y. M. C. A.'S HAVE "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"

FROM the president of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. Co. we have received an order for several annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* to be sent to the different railway Y. M. C. A.'s on that line. This is an example that other railroad officials may well follow.

## HOSPITALITY DAY, APRIL 21

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. held a well-attended meeting February 15, at which it was voted to hold a Hospitality Day at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on Thursday, April 21. There will be afternoon bridge and whist and a sale of foods, utilities, and antiques. Afternoon tea will be served. The various chairmen are Mrs. Lucius Cummings, bridge; Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, food; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, antiques; Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, utilities; and Mrs. Edith W. Clarke, afternoon tea. The Auxiliary has presented the Angell Animal Hospital with a Bell-Howell moving picture camera.

## A NATIONAL DISGRACE

WE hesitate to publish facts that readers of our magazine in foreign lands may possibly misinterpret, thinking that they apply to the entire country. But so long as lynching disgraces any section of the United States the facts must be kept before the public if the shame of it is ever to cease to be a reproach to us. During 1924 and 1925 it looked as if real progress were being made, as the record for those years was 16 for the former and 18 for the latter. This was a great gain over 83 for 1919, and an average of over 63 for the years from 1919-1922. For 1926, however, the number is 31. From 1900 to 1919 the lowest number in any year was 48 and the highest 108. If there is any so-called civilized land that can equal this record, we have not heard of it.

## RATTLING THE SABRE

WE think that the great majority of our readers will endorse the following from Dr. Cadman's answer to the question as to the value of military training in our schools and colleges:

I am amazed that men who have experienced war's futile horrors should suppose that rattling the sabre determines the safety or honor of the state. There is no more certain way to bring about the destruction of nations than the plea for their ever-increasing armaments. If those who demand compulsory military training in our public schools would be equally earnest in demanding national policies for international action in behalf of justice and peace, the prospects of national and world security would be a thousandfold brighter than they are. Do not forget that not a few who doubtless hate war are nevertheless doing much, without intending it, to bring on the war they unfeignedly hate.

Some of us were foolish enough to imagine that the last great war might teach the nations the utter folly of thinking that preparedness was the way to prevent war. All history teaches the falseness of the idea, but the lesson is still unlearned.

A WRITER in the *Boston Traveler* states that a friend received a letter from a relative in Newfoundland a few days ago. "The stamp on the envelope bore a picture of a Newfoundland dog. I wonder how many other post offices throughout the world use animals for illustration purposes on postage stamps.

"Speaking of animals for pictorial use by governments, we have the buffalo on the nickel and the buffalo on paper money. How many others can you think of?"

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1927

### FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### A CLERGYMAN'S REPLY

A MINISTER, asked to call the attention of his congregation to the claims of the animal world upon them for justice and compassion, replied as follows:

"I am sorry to disappoint anybody, but to take a Sunday service in the temple of God when I am supposed to be dealing with religious, or strictly ethical things to deal with this, however needed or necessary in its realm, I simply cannot.

"Can you conceive of Jesus Christ standing in the temple in Jerusalem and talking about kindness to animals while all about him were perishing souls? I can't."

No one will blame the Christian pulpit for putting its chief emphasis upon the worth and dignity of the human personalities to whom it ministers. For generations so necessary did it seem to save the soul of man from eternal torment that one scarcely wonders that little time or thought remained to be given to those lowly fellow-creatures for whom death meant utter extinction.

Two changes have come with the passing years. An Infinite Father who could eternally torture any of His children has ceased to thinking men and women to be an object of love and worship, and no longer do men draw with entire confidence either the line between the divine and the human or between the human and the sub-human. All life has taken on a different aspect as man's knowledge has widened. The ties that bind us to the forms below us have grown more real and intimate than they were for our fathers. Life, find it where you will, has become a more sacred thing, never to be violated ruthlessly or thoughtlessly. More and more must it be that the teachers and ministers of religion will cease to hold to such views as were expressed by him whose reply we have given.

The great Teacher surely gave His chief and supreme attention to "the eternal destinies of human beings," but He also more than once in His public utterances spoke of those humbler creatures who were the object of His Father's care and so should be of ours.

"HOURS there are, twilight hours of grace,  
When, be he what he may, bird, beast, or slave,  
Each living thing gets glimpses of God's heaven  
And knows himself own brother to the stars,  
Being one with these in ancestry of love,  
Kindred in kindness."

### GALSWORTHY AND THE ZOO

ALL lovers of Galsworthy, and we are glad to be included in the number, know that he never misses a chance to say the right word for animals. His influence is so wide, his standing in the literary world so high, that whatever he says in their behalf commands a consideration granted to few. Some time ago he broadcast from London a talk entitled "Playing the Game with Animals and Birds." This is what he said about the Zoo:

Take the case of Zoos. Zoos exist mainly because of our curiosity. We like to see wild creatures, and the more untameable they are, the more we like to see them. I used to be very fond of going to the Zoo. But one day, a quarter of a century or so ago, I noticed the black panther lying far back in the dark of its cage, as if it had a dislike for gratifying my curiosity. I held a conversation with its keeper. He seemed very disappointed with the nature of the brute; utterly untameable, he said; did nothing but sulk back there in the dark—most unsatisfactory animal. And I went away thinking that if you caught a Scotsman, say, or other thoroughly untameable kind of man and put him into a cage to gratify the curiosity of the London public, what a sulky brute he would be, and how very little of himself he would show! I went again to the Zoo; the black panther was—dead; but I saw some eagles—birds, as you know, with a certain incurable partiality for flying. Sitting there for ever, within some thirty cubic feet of cage, they increased my meditations. I also saw a baboon. If that baboon wasn't homesick unto death-in-life, I never saw homesickness. Now these sights did not destroy my curiosity about wild creatures, but they convinced me that it was being gratified at too great expense to some of the creatures. Sickly sentimentalism—you see! But there it is—some of us are like that! The suffering that the wilder creatures undergo in captivity is like that of a man in prison; a sort of eternal malaise, cramp, or homesickness; and if that suffering isn't real, then—with deference to those who cannot bear to see Tommy and Grizel, Johnnie and Joan deprived of their tigers—I don't know what is.

### WHEN SPORT IS CRUEL

AN English periodical known as *Cruel Sports* quotes the following:

To chase a calf or a donkey either till it is torn in pieces or till it sinks from weariness, would be scouted as a cruel act. Do the same to a deer and it is a noble and royal sport. It is, as we have seen, a legal crime to worry a cat. To worry a hare is a gallant diversion. And men who would lift up their hands in horror at the wanton torture of a bull or a bear, deem no praises too high for the heroic sport which consists in the wanton torture of a fox.

### IN A TURKISH CEMETERY

ALFRED W. MARTIN, author and lecturer, is our authority for saying that in Turkish cemeteries the four corners of the gravestones are grooved to catch the rain so that the birds may find water and, won thus to the cemetery as a kind of sanctuary, sing over the places where their human brothers sleep. The idea is a beautiful one, and the example might well be followed by those of other lands.

### HENRY SALT AND THE DEAN

H. S. SALT, a widely-known English humanitarian, has just issued a little volume of more or less humorous verse with the title "Homo Rapiens." He has a few rather striking lines which refer to Dean Inge's saying that "nobody is so much interested in the demand for pork as the pig." In the Dean's last good word for the animals he seems to have felt that bacon was so necessary an article of diet that it was hopeless to try to be a vegetarian, and represents the pig as only too willing to supply the demand. Mr. Salt comments as follows, giving expression to the regret of the poor pig should vegetarianism ever prevail:

*We are the Pigs Unborn, the Pigs Forsaken,  
O'erlooked by heedless folk who eat no bacon.  
In blank pre-natal Nothingness we pine,  
Robbed of that proud prerogative of swine,  
The born Pig's birthright—to be penned in muck,  
In garbage grub, be fattened and be stuck.  
Mere ghosts of porkers, pork we'll never be,  
This, Vegetarian, this we owe to thee!  
O deaf to cry of Pigs that might have been,  
Art thou not cruel? Ask the learned Dean!*

### "FORTY THOUSAND EAGLES KILLED!"

UNDER this heading the January Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society gives us these astonishing facts:

The enormous killing of eagles in Alaska was a subject which claimed special attention at the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Audubon Societies. Naturalists and bird-lovers, as well as many of the patriotic citizens, are becoming alarmed at the increasing destruction of our national bird. This slaughter of these birds in Alaska is due to the working of a bounty system which was established in 1917. From this year until 1923 a bounty of 50 cents was paid on 17,816 eagles. In 1923 the bounty was increased to \$1.00 and under the additional price offered, 23,996 eagles have been killed. The records show that during the period from 1917 to September, 1926, bounties have been paid by the Territory of Alaska on 41,812 eagles. It was pointed out that in all probability this does not represent the total number killed, as usually one out of every four shot escapes to die a lingering death. The board of directors of the National Association of Audubon Societies, by official action, has requested the President to communicate with Alaskan high officials recommending a repeal of the bounty law on eagles in Alaska until such time as a careful investigation of its food habits can be made, for it is felt that the eagle should have his day in court.

### VIVISECTION IN ITALY

IN the Roman Senate, December 7 last, a law submitted for approval for the protection of animals was unanimously accepted. It reads:

The scientific experiments consisting of operations performed on animals, are allowed only in scientific institutions under the responsibility of their official directors. In case dogs should be required for the experiment, they must be housed outside hospitals and medical schools, so as not to disturb the tranquillity of the patients. The same dog cannot be subjected to other experiments; the transgressors will be fined from 100 to 500 lire, one-half of the fine being given to the denouncing of the case.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	9,442
Cases investigated	776
Animals examined	5,946
Number of prosecutions	23
Number of convictions	22
Horses taken from work	98
Horses humanely put to sleep	107
Small animals humanely put to sleep	824
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected	30,827
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	91

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Miss Jerusha F. Hathaway of Duxbury, and Lucy J. White of Williamstown, Vt.

The American Humane Education Society has been remembered in the wills of Miss Jerusha F. Hathaway of Duxbury, Mass., and Miss Ella M. Cole of Southbridge, Mass. March 8, 1927.

#### HUMANE MEDALS AWARDED

THE medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was presented to Sumner O. Crowell of 20 Hardy Avenue, Watertown, for the rescue of a dog from drowning in the Charles River. Mr. Crowell, who is an employee of the Henshaw Motor Company, tied a long rope about his waist and crawled over the treacherous ice for about 50 yards to reach the dog. Medals were also awarded to Walter McKeeman and James McQuade of Springfield for rescuing a dog from the Connecticut River.

**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital**  
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

**Veterinarians**  
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.  
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.  
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

**FREE Dispensary for Animals**  
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.  
Advice for sick and injured animals.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 609	Cases 1,524
Dogs 423	Dogs 1,169
Cats 168	Cats 344
Horses 16	Birds 6
Birds 2	Monkeys 2
	Guinea Pigs 2
Operations 517	Horse 1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 62,968	
Free Dispensary cases 102,921	
<b>Total 165,889</b>	

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Convictions in February

Cruelly killing dog, \$20 fine. Clubbing two dogs to death, \$40 fine.  
Permitting use of galled horse, \$50 fine and 30 days' sentence, suspended.  
Driving galled horse, \$25 fine.  
Permitting use of galled horse, \$25 fine.  
Driving galled horse, \$10 fine.  
Driving galled horse, \$20 fine.  
Driving galled horse, case filed.  
Non-feeding stock, two months' sentence, suspended.  
Cruelly shooting dog, two weeks' sentence, rifle forfeited.  
Driving unfit horse, \$50 fine.  
Driving unfit horse, case filed after paying costs.  
Torturing, mutilating and killing four horses, 2 defendants (1) indefinite term at Lyman School, (2) indefinite term at Concord Reformatory.  
Non-sheltering horse, probation.  
Driving galled horse, case filed.  
Non-sheltering stock, \$10 fine.  
Torturing cat, \$20 fine.  
Inciting dog to kill cat, \$5 fine.  
Beating horse, \$10 fine.  
Non-sheltering horse, \$20 fine, suspended for one year.

##### A HEROIC WORKER

THERE are few more devoted and self-sacrificing workers in the humane field than Mrs. Jennie B. Powers of Keene, N. H. For years she has served the Cheshire County Humane Society as prosecuting officer, and we doubt if there is one man in a thousand who would have accomplished during these years what she has. The storms of winter and the heat of summer have had no power to keep her from the faithful discharge of her duty. When necessary, in winter, in country sections where no automobile can travel, she puts on her snowshoes and sets out for the defense of any suffering creature that has been reported to her. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

#### A DOG'S LONG FAST



MR ROOD AND "SAPPHO"

SAPPHO, the highly-prized Llewellyn setter of Mr. Dexter Rood of Springfield, Mass., recently exceeded all known records in the annals of dog fasting. The facts of her remarkable experience in living for eight weeks without food or water, though seemingly incredible, are well authenticated.

On December 8, as a strong, well-nourished animal, she disappeared from her home, and diligent search, carried on for days, failed to reveal any trace of her fate or whereabouts. It was not until fifty-six days later that she was discovered alive in the cellar of an unused stable about an eighth of a mile from the home. In the long but futile search for the dog, the aid of many friends of the animal was enlisted. Newspaper advertisements of her disappearance availed nothing, and hopes and expectations of finding her or recovering her alive paled with the passing days and weeks.

Finally the mystery was solved by two Boy Scouts, who crawled through an open window and found the dog too weak and emaciated to move. Aid was quickly summoned and the dog was taken to her owner's home amid great rejoicing.

After several days under the care of Doctor W. J. Glasgow and a special attendant who fed her warm milk from a spoon in small quantities, but frequently, her strength and vitality were gradually revived. The Doctor stated she would recover, and that only her sound and rugged constitution could account for her being able to live through her long and painful ordeal. From fifty-four pounds in weight at the time of her disappearance, she had been reduced to nineteen pounds when rescued.

Everyone concerned is happy over the recovery of Sappho and the theory is that she leaped through an open window of the stable and was unable to extricate herself.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

#### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
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Rida Himadi ..... Syria  
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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia  
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

#### Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### A GENEROUS GIFT

AMONG the best friends of our American Humane Education Society we have long counted Mrs. Alice Manning, for years connected with Robert College, Constantinople. Her work for the unfortunate animals of that city and the surrounding country, as well as for those of Greece and Bulgaria, has been at once wise and untiring. We have just learned that she has given \$25,000 for establishing a home and hospital for dogs and other animals where a painless death or a peaceful old age will be the lot of dogs and other animals instead of the sufferings to which so many of them have been subjected in the past. She has been called the "Fairy Godmother" of the suffering street dogs of Constantinople.

## Humane Standard-Bearers

### III. MRS. KATHERINE WEATHERSBEE

THE representative of the American Humane Education Society in Georgia, Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, is a woman who has added honor to an already prominent ancestry by her achievements in a chosen field of work, to eliminate cruelty to little children and animals. Even as the daughter of a prominent southern ex-Governor and United States Senator, she lives by her motto, "Not what I am, but what I do, is my heritage," and by her tireless efforts she has won the confidence and co-operation not only of high officials of her state, but also of those who have only latterly come to understand the meaning of the word "cruelty."

Mrs. Weathersbee's deep love for animals and abhorrence of cruelty in all forms caused her many years ago to dedicate her life to humanitarian endeavor, but not until 1915 did she enter the field in an official capacity. Since that time she has addressed hundreds of clubs, both social and civic, churches and societies, schools and parent-teacher associations upon the subject of humane education. She has traveled many thousands of miles throughout the state in the interests of Band of Mercy organization.

Mrs. Weathersbee has been an uncompromising foe of cruelty and injustice. So persistent has been her campaign against cruelty that when she took up arms against the flogging of female prisoners, the Governor, statesmen, lawyers and the clergy all rallied to her support, and a law forbidding the flogging of prisoners in the state has been passed. She acts in co-operation with the State Board of Prison Commissioners and when a report of cruelty to any prisoner is sent to her, she immediately takes the matter up with the commissioners and an adjustment is made. Through her efforts and influence several good humane laws have been passed in her state. On one occasion when the lynching of a Negro was threatened, Mrs. Weathersbee mounted the steps of the court house and in the fair name of her state pleaded for the life of a friendless human victim. Her voice was heard above the mob, its violence was subdued, silenced, by the action of a brave and determined woman pleading for common humanity.

Mrs. Weathersbee's constant combat against the sale of old and decrepit work animals throughout the state attracted so much attention that Major-General Hagood, commander of the Fourth Corps area, which comprises eight states, issued orders that all condemned government animals should be humanely shot instead of sold.

Mrs. Weathersbee devotes her entire time to humane education work, conducting her campaign along constructive lines. She believes that only by education and enlightenment can progress be made towards the uplift of mankind. She has made National "Be Kind to Animals" Week an event of general observance for her state. Ministers and other public speakers take this occasion to denounce cruelty and to appeal to the higher ideals of men for justice and mercy to all living things.

Through her connection with various woman's clubs and civic organizations, Mrs. Weathersbee has many opportunities of speaking on humane education, always stressing the importance of this phase of child welfare.



MRS. KATHERINE WEATHERSBEE,  
GEORGIA

As a member of the State Educational and Parent-Teacher Associations, she comes in direct contact with all educational work, and as a member of the Executive Board of the State Federation of Women's Clubs she is able to carry into the homes the cause she represents.

#### FINE WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE following most encouraging report comes to us from Cebu City, in the Philippines; we take it from the leading paper of the city. Large headlines announce "Band of Mercy Program Held at High School."

At the High School, yesterday afternoon, was held a meeting under the auspices of the directorate of the S. P. C. A., to explain the organization of Bands of Mercy, to a large audience that packed the spacious auditorium of the High School to its capacity, under the presidency of Mrs. Claire Wislizenus.

The purpose was to get the young people and school children to organize such bands, whose mission is the protection of animals, both domestic and wild, and see that they are not persecuted, injured, abused or neglected.

The main speech was made by a member, a high school student, Potenciano Caren, who pointed out the many forms of cruelty, some intentional, and others due to thoughtlessness, which led to much unnecessary suffering of dumb animals, most of which are the best and most faithful friends of man.

As soon as the badges arrive from the U. S., which are being furnished by some friends of this movement, they will be distributed to the members.

Among those present besides the president, Mrs. Wislizenus, were the treasurer, Mrs. Boldock, Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Cleland, and Mrs. Edmonds the secretary.

We are particularly interested in this work because of what our Humane Education Society has done to encourage and foster it. Great credit is due the devoted officers of this Cebu Society.



## WATER FOR ANIMALS AT THE EQUATOR

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. O. F. Frederick, of Reading, Pa., four greatly-needed drinking-troughs for animals were erected in Quito, Ecuador, last year. One of



ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS FOR ANIMALS IN QUITO, ECUADOR

them is shown in the accompanying illustration. It was Mrs. Frederick's experience, when in South America some years ago, that nothing would make so strong an appeal for proper treatment of animals as the daily spectacle of drinking-places, with humane mottoes inscribed on them. Mrs. Frederick hopes now to raise enough money from friends in America to retain Senor Luis Pareja C. as a permanent humane officer in Quito. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* hardly need to be told of the distressing condition of animals in many of the countries to the south of us, and many of them, we are sure, will be glad to send Mrs. Frederick some contribution to aid in the cause to which she is giving so much time and thought. Gifts may be sent direct to her at 125 South Sixth Street, Reading, Pa.

## HUMANE EDUCATION TRUST FUND

REGULAR readers know about our special fund for the purpose of giving aid to workers for humane education who now, because of advancing years and ill health, are unable to do much active work and are in need of financial assistance. Started some time ago by a great friend of our cause, this fund now amounts to \$1,050. We trust other liberal gifts will follow. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

## THANKFULNESS

I THANK God for sunshine and bird-song, for the sweet morning light upon the hill-tops, and the tender eyes of my loved ones. The great world is awake and a-throb with life. I, too, am awake and life is pulsing through my veins. I have a part in the great world, in its work, its joy and its sorrow. Today I can be a little center from which shall radiate peace, kindness and good will. I thank God for opportunity. A beautiful golden sunbeam has entered through my chamber window, and awakened me to the gladness and beauty of the morning. May my spirit be wakened and kindled by the Divine Spirit, so that all this day it may warm and gladden the hearts it touches.

R. L. STEVENSON

## The Horses and Dogs of Iceland

THORSTINA JACKSON

ICELAND is a sparsely settled country where a population of about one hundred thousand is scattered over an area about the size of Scotland. A striking characteristic of the people is their love and interest in their domestic animals. The most trusted companions of the Icelandic farmer are the horse and the dog; they are his inseparable comrades on many a perilous journey. It is the instinct of these friends that guides him home over mountains and moors when overtaken by the sudden Arctic blizzards or the impenetrable fog that so obscures the trail, faint enough in fair weather, so that the human eye is entirely unable to distinguish the path.

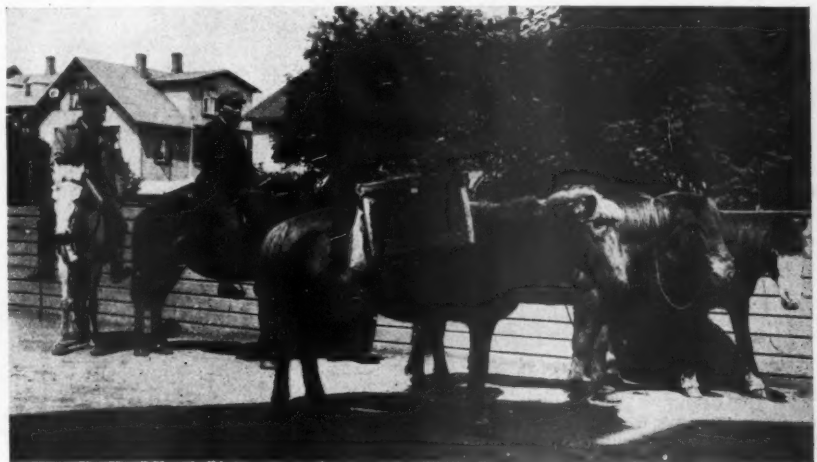
One remarkable feature about Iceland is that every county is bounded on one side at least by a wilderness of lava, sand-dunes, mountains, and heaths, and inasmuch as the settlements are around the coast, all cross-country travel must be over this "No man's land." A network of automobile roads is to be found around the capital, Reykjavik, as well as the other principal towns, but the traveler in the interior or the farmer whose home is several leagues from the coast does not come within the influence of Henry Ford or other enterprising automobile manufacturers, but has to rely on the sturdy Icelandic ponies which, fortunately, are well equipped to withstand the hardship that such travel entails. They are larger than the average American pony and remarkably sure on their feet, which is a very necessary requisite in a country where the trails wind around the edges of towering precipices with the surging ocean or a mountain gorge below, and a slip of the foot might mean a drop of a thousand feet. The safest method under such circumstances is not to attempt to guide, but to leave everything to the exceptional ability of the steed to thread his way out of a dangerous place.

Icelandic horses are easy to ride, their most common gait is the canter or the trot. They are home-loving animals and so reluctant about starting on a journey that it is not until after at least half an hour's ride that they cease their efforts to persuade the rider to turn back. In case they feel that they are

not carrying an expert rider on their back they even go so far as to rise slowly on their hind legs, stop, half turn around and thus endeavor by varied means to convince the would-be traveler that "Home, Sweet Home" is best at all times. However, their tactics are not those of the western pony, who bucks and reels into the air in his efforts to throw his rider, but are rather a series of friendly capers. When the Icelandic horse is satisfied that persuasion is of no avail, he makes the best of a bad job by speeding away with a swiftness and spirit that makes riding a delight. Their intelligence in fording the numerous rivers and streams that cross their path is difficult to equal; they never attempt to go against a stream, but invariably drift with it to the opposite shore.

There is considerable demand for Icelandic horses in foreign markets, particularly in the coal mines in England, but it is very unusual for a farmer to be persuaded to part with his horse for such labor, even if the price offered is tempting. A proof of how much the horse is honored in Iceland is the large number of beautiful poems dedicated to horses. It is estimated that proportionately Iceland publishes more books yearly than the whole of the British Empire. Every year finds the horse glorified somewhere either in prose or poetry.

What the Icelandic shepherd boy would do without his dog is hard to conceive. Sheep have a way of getting lost in the thick fog that is so frequent in the fall and winter, and it is then in response to his master's "whoa" that the Icelandic dog, usually rather lazy, bestirs himself and brings the flock together. They are invaluable also in the fall when the sheep are being brought back from the mountains of the interior where they have grazed during the summer months. This annual herding of the sheep usually begins late in September. The men in each neighborhood band themselves together, bringing their horses and dogs, and prepare for several days' outing in the wilderness. The dogs act as scouts and show an exceptional capacity for discovering the haunts of the sheep as well as an ability to trace stray ones who otherwise would be lost.



TWO HORSES AND A PACK SADDLE ARE COMMON MEANS OF TRANSPORTING LUGGAGE ON CROSS-COUNTRY TRIPS IN ICELAND

In appearance the Icelandic dogs are similar to those of Greenland. The majority have pointed ears and noses and their tails curl up in a sprightly manner. Many are white, but brown and black are common also. They are friendly and intelligent, but very



COMRADES IN ICELAND

much inclined to make themselves heard by loud and apparently ferocious barking, generally meant to be a welcome rather than an objection. The old stay-at-homes are frequently the loudest barkers, and their noise becomes a joyous sound to the weary traveler wending his way home at dusk after a long day's journey.

In general, the Icelanders are animal lovers. It is not infrequent to meet a farmer leading his horse up a steep incline so as not to overtax its strength. A magazine known as the *Animals' Friend* is widely circulated in all the schools. Close association between man and beast in this far-off country brings about mutual understanding, faithfulness and affection.

#### THE ANTICS OF A CANARY True Story of an Ordinary Pet Canary

HAZEL L. SHARP

IN February last year, a small boy friend presented me with a tiny, nearly featherless bird. He was covered with pinfeathers and had hardly any tail. When out of his cage the bird was petrified with fear and clutched tightly the finger upon which he was perched. As soon as he acquired a sufficient amount of feathers to be called downy, we noticed that he was marked queerly, having a tiny black cap on his head and a black collar around his neck. Such shining, dancing, black beads of eyes I have never before perceived.

Upon claiming the bird as my very own private property, the next question I had to consider was giving him a name. To me, this seemed a difficult task, as I was unable to find a truly appropriate name for my newly acquired pet. Many suggestions were offered, but none seemed to satisfy me; so I finally

bestowed the privilege of naming him upon my older brother, who was soon to arrive from the East. Much to my sorrow and disgust this brother christened him with the very unbecoming name of "Bim," after a character in the comic section of the daily paper. Wasn't that just like a boy to give such a soft, fluffy thing such a homely name? But, true to my word, he has been called Bim ever since.

Now, Bim is a full-grown bird and has a song that no other bird can equal. When he reaches high C, which is too frequently, we must all leave the house or suffer a piercing headache. Sometimes a sharp word from me will silence him, but I do not stop him often as I like to hear him sing, no matter how shrilly.

Bim is a garrulous little fellow and from early morning until late at night he keeps up his incessant singing. Immediately upon my entering the house, Bim tunes up his whistle and begins his entertainment, and indeed it is good to be welcomed home by the happy twittering of a blithe songster. If I do not proceed to mock him by whistling to him, he mocks himself.

At times I open the small door of his pretty prison and he intrepidly hops forth in search of adventure and food. He usually finds a few crumbs and after satisfying his ever-present hunger, takes his "setting up" exercises which consist of flying from window ledges to mirrors. One of Bim's nicest tricks is to "walk up the golden stairs." This is accomplished by his hopping from one of my fingers to another. Evidently he considers this great fun, but after climbing several "flights" he tires of this and then he will proceed to scream at me and bite my fingers, which I poke at him to tease him. His bite is unbelievably hard for such a mite of a bird, and it isn't often that I care to have him bite me.

To my profound delight, my accommodating playfellow comes to me when I call him. One day, very early in the morning before anyone else was up, I let Bim out of his cage. I remained in bed while he flew around into the next room, and then, lying very still, I began to whistle. Soon he flew up on the bed close to my lips and there, with his head cocked saucily on one side and his starry eyes twinkling, he perched for at least ten minutes, listening to every note. Never before had Bim answered my call in such a manner and, indeed, I was very proud of him.

Bim usually sits on my shoulder when he is out of the cage and if I turn my head in such a manner as to bring my lips very close to his warm little bill, he will kiss me in the most delightful way possible, by placing his bill between my two lips. Our small repertoire consists of several other tricks that are equally as interesting as those mentioned. I pride myself on being the only one who can make my bird perform, and many pleasant moments are whiled away teaching him new tricks.

I have had various and numerous pets, but of all of them I like my bird the best. Often I ponder over the fact that such a small bit of life can be so intelligent and such a perfect joy to everyone. After spending even a minute or two with Bim, the whole world seems to take on a different aspect. He is a little package of happiness and contentment done up in a bundle of golden feathers. How could anyone on earth be sad, disagreeable, or despondent with such a gay little chatterbox?

"Fear is the parent of Cruelty."



BLUE PERSIAN

#### DO CATS REMEMBER?

A True Story

WILLIAM TOWNE

THE annual spring cleaning was being done at our house. The rug on the drawing-room floor had been taken up and the floor painted. When the first coat of paint had dried, the rug was replaced and a second coat was being applied to the twenty-four inch strip of bare floor around the rug when Tom, our beautiful cat, wandered into the room. The painting was soon finished and "Tom," seeking a change of scenery, departed leisurely for another room. In leaving the room, he stepped off the rug to the freshly painted floor and seemed to realize that, for some reason or other, he had soiled his feet. Being an extremely immaculate cat, and very particular about his toilet, Tom lay in the adjoining room and began to wash his feet, cat fashion. Here was a new experience for him. The nauseating taste of yellow ocher, linseed-oil, turpentine and everything that goes to make paint, caused poor Tom to cough, sneeze, and snivel for hours.

The next spring, the house was undergoing the usual renovation. Again the strip around the rug on the drawing-room floor was being painted. Remembering our cat's experience of the year before, I decided to make a test. I called for Tom, who soon came on the run, and, purring affectionately, rubbed his soft fur against my feet. I picked him up gently, carried him into the drawing-room and placed him on the rug. Would Tom remember? I walked into the adjoining room and called gently. Tom came quickly, but instead of stepping on the painted floor, he leaped gracefully over the painted strip. And yet, there are those who say that cats and dogs have no memory.

#### WHALE OF AN ORDER

STUDENT: "Do you make life-sized enlargements of photos?"

Photographer: "Yes, sir, it's our specialty."

Student: "Well, do this for me; it's a snapshot I took of a whale." —Will



## AMERICAN S. P. C. A. AND VIVISECTION

EVERY little while somebody comes out with the (mis-) statement that the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is turning its dogs over to the vivisection laboratories. Those who are really interested soon learn the truth and are not disturbed by such wild rumors. Our big brother, the American S. P. C. A. of New York City, has recently been accused in the newspapers of selling dogs to the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn for experimental purposes. Dr. John E. Daugherty of that hospital was cited as the authority. Some who do not know the real character of the American S. P. C. A. believed these reports. President Sturgis of the Society demanded that Dr. Daugherty either prove his statement or withdraw it. In reply Dr. Daugherty wrote: "I wish to state freely that if such statement was made by me, this statement was made in error and is an injustice to the American S. P. C. A., inasmuch as we have never purchased animals from them." Dr. Daugherty, in a second letter, writes to President Sturgis that the Jewish Hospital "has never purchased or obtained animals directly or indirectly from the American S. P. C. A."

## HEROIC EFFORTS TO RESCUE HOUND

DURING a fox hunt, "Ring," a hound dog, owned by F. V. Kelly of Woodruff, S. C., chased the fox into a cave. The hunters abandoned the chase and returned home. When Ring did not appear, the next morning a search was instituted and it was found that he was imprisoned by a fall of rock. Twenty men, encouraged by the dog's faint bark, worked throughout the night, using drills and dynamite. The story quickly spread and the chief of police and many others offered to assist in the rescue. Relays of men and boys were organized and worked for 110 hours until the dog was released. He bounded into his master's arms amid the glad shouts of his rescuers, and was carried home, where every attention was given him. Unfortunately, the hunger and exposure brought on pneumonia, from which he died.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

## An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of the Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

## The Giant Kangaroo

-HERBERT BEARDSLEY

AUSTRALIA is justly famous for its oddities of animal life. In fact, it has been termed the land of living fossils. They belong to a past geological age, and have survived and flourished in Australia, which, owing to the barrier of water, has so long been isolated that the passage for animals from other land-masses has been closed for millions of years.



One of the most remarkable mammals characteristic of this island continent, and of absorbing interest, is the giant gray kangaroo, one of the largest and most highly specialized members of the group of native marsupials. Having been shut off and protected for long ages from the overwhelming competition of the higher mammals, their struggle for life within the continent has not been very bitter until relatively recent times. They are protected in some parts of the island, and increase in numbers if not disturbed. They are grass-feeders and frequent the open eucalyptus forests of New South Wales and other districts, also the Plain country. They are persecuted by the white settlers who want to stock the land with cattle or sheep to its fullest capacity. Thus the kangaroos and other native animals are driven back and take refuge in the still extensive but less fertile areas of uncleared land.

An impressive and close-up view of the great gray kangaroo, standing upright, practically on its hind toes, and resting the weight of the body on the end of the tail, is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this attitude, assumed in defense, it measures about six and one-half feet. When hard pressed, one will often take refuge in a river or swamp and stand waist deep awaiting the enemy. Should a dog swim out, it will be seized and held under water with the forearms until drowned. These kangaroos leap with amazing speed, and cover about twelve feet at a jump. Their small fore limbs pressed close to the body, their great hind legs work in unison like gigantic springs to throw the body forward.

## EXERCISE YOUR HORSE

ELIZABETH B. THOMAS

WHEN I was a child on the farm my father used to spend most of his time saying, "Don't use the horse so often. You'll wear him all out." Not being as well versed in such matters as I am at the present time, I formed the opinion that it was not good for horses to be used very much. I have since found out how utterly wrong that idea is. In a loose box in my barn there is a shining example of the fallacy of that old theory.

I bought the mare of which I speak three years ago and paid rather a staggering price for her. She is a Kentucky thoroughbred, a great, golden chestnut beauty, full of life and courage. At the time I bought her she had been standing in the barn for six weeks, and the man of whom I purchased her said that he had owned her for three years and used her not oftener than once in two weeks, and sometimes not at all during the winter months. When he did ride her, he ran her hard on the paved streets. The rest of the time she stood in the barn, cared for by a groom, eating lots of grain and fretting her heart out. There was not a mark or a blemish of any sort to be seen on her, and I thought I was getting a great bargain.

When I got her home I gave her the same amount of grain that she had been accustomed to, and used her lightly every day. For about two months she was as fine as a fiddle, and then she seemed to go to pieces in a day, began to stumble and go lame and would sometimes fall flat in the road for no reason at all. I called a veterinary who looked at her and said, "Your horse is a victim of too much kindness at some time in her life. Someone had the idea that she didn't need to be used. A bullet between the eyes is the only real medicine for her."

But I loved my mare and while I called down anathema upon the head of him who had not known enough to use her properly, I declined to shoot her, and she is still with me, a beloved though practically useless cripple. There are sometimes weeks at a time when she goes sound except for a slight stiffness in her forelegs, and there are other weeks when she is too lame to even trot. I paid dearly for my lesson, but my horses are exercised regularly now, and do not stand idle for days at a time. So if you love and value your horse, exercise him often. It is far better for him to be a bit thin from use than to be stiff from idleness. He can be fattened, but once crippled, he will never go sound again.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and thirty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in February. Of these, 246 were in schools of Rhode Island; 113 in schools of Massachusetts; 48 in schools of Georgia; 25 in schools of Texas; 21 in schools of Virginia; 20 in schools of Washington, D. C.; 16 in schools of Pennsylvania; 13 in schools of Washington; 11 in schools of Alabama; ten in schools of Tennessee; three in schools of Syria; two each in schools of Minnesota and California; and one each in schools of New Hampshire, Connecticut and North Dakota.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 160,773

### IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS

THE president of the Rum Cay Band of Mercy of Port Nelson, Bahamas, writes that that organization has over 80 members. It held an open session last Christmas to which the whole community was invited. This Band of Mercy has proved very effective in the community.

### MOHAMMED INVOKED TO STOP CRUELTY

THE latest word from Rida Himadi in Syria is that the biggest Salamic school of Beirut has taken up humane work. Efforts are being made to prevent selling such beautiful birds as the canary to small children in the street. The grandmother of the president of the society, a Mohammedan widow of about eighty years, threatened a man who was overloading his camel with these words: "If you don't lighten the load, I accuse you first to the Prophet Mohammed; if you will not be convinced, I will accuse you to the Governor."

### BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK IN WASHINGTON

WE learn from Miss Virginia W. Sargent of Washington, D. C., that this year, as in the past several years, 100 cars of each of the two large electric railway companies in that city will carry signs from April 3 to 9, reading: This is Be Kind to Animals Week. Miss Sargent feels that this is one of the most effective ways of bringing this annual event to the attention of the Capital City, and says that the two car companies have been most courteous in their response. She is also responsible for providing 150 of the church school superintendents in Washington with programs of worship for Humane Sunday and also for advertising that event in the newspapers.

### "BOBBY" OF ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

Written by a student in Robert College

THE "Theodorus Hall Bobby" is a middle-sized, brown dog with a very noble bearing, whose eyes, in spite of his combative disposition, have a very kindly expression. He was probably one of the many victims of



"THEODORUS HALL BOBBY"

the Great War during which many people were forced to leave the country in a great hurry and their dogs were left homeless.

Shortly after the Armistice, Bobby appeared on the College grounds. He used to follow the garbage-gatherer around the campus. Bobby became his companion in all kinds of weather. The political changes made it necessary for the man to depart, and so Bobby was again without a master and friend. The picture of this man has never been erased from Bobby's mind, for even now whenever he sees the new garbage-gatherer he runs after him.

Then Bobby drifted to our Hall. Was it luck, was it instinct that directed him to Theodorus Hall? Very soon Bobby got all the citizen's rights and became the pet of everybody, teachers, boys and servants. One day, as he was lying on his rug, a teacher who happened to pass by remarked, "If Bobby passes away, Theodorus Hall will never be the same place again." I am sure we all feel that way. Bobby is certainly a very likeable dog. He has many fine qualities and excellent manners. Unlike most dogs, he will never annoy any one for food. When we bring his food from our dining-room, he sits down and waits patiently until he is allowed to enjoy it. He is very honest. He has never been tempted to taste of the milk—of which, by the way, he is very fond—which the milkman sometimes places on the low box near the corner where Bobby has his headquarters. Not many human beings can boast of the patience Bobby exhibits when he undergoes medical treatment. He utters not a sound, and he would let us do anything with him. Bobby is a great fighter, an incorrigible one,

for, in spite of the fact that he has been bitten by dogs and scratched by cats, he can never look at a cat with indifference or suffer the presence of a strange dog in the neighborhood without expressing his dissatisfaction, not infrequently in a rather violent manner. His animal code of morals prescribes to him the duty of guarding the premises of the College from any unwelcome intrusion. When, however, he accompanies the boys on their regular Sunday walks over the hills, he never molests any creature. He knows when Sunday comes and waits near the door for the 2 o'clock bell to ring. When he hears the bell he rises and comes to the door, where he stands watching and wagging his tail, waiting for the boys to start on their walk.

He is devoted to "Fuzzy," a little Yorkshire terrier, who also lives in Theodorus Hall. She returns his affection warmly, and always rushes to the window to bark violently when she hears him barking out on the campus, but if he dares to step over the threshold of her home, she flies at his throat and he retreats in a very crestfallen manner. He never questions her right to command him.

### NEW HUMANE EDUCATION LAW

THERE are now twenty-four states that have some form of humane education law. Last season the legislature of Louisiana passed the following bill, which, while not all that the State S. P. C. A. hoped for, is an entering wedge for which the Society is to be heartily congratulated:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of Louisiana that the State Board of Education is requested to take such steps as it may think necessary and wise to provide for the teaching of kindness in the public schools to dumb animals. It being understood that the State Superintendent of Public Education by the direction of the State Board of Education, will issue such suggestions and furnish such information to the superintendent and teachers of the State as in the wisdom of the State Board of Education may seem proper and necessary.



PUPILS OF SCHOOLS IN JAMESTOWN, R. I., HAVE STARTED A BIRD CLUB UNDER DIRECTION OF MR. HUGH L. TAYLOR. EVERY YEAR A BIRD-HOUSE BUILDING CONTEST IS HELD. THEN THE PUPILS ENJOY PUTTING UP THE HOUSES AND FEEDING-STATIONS



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



BACHRACH ©

## "PATSY'S" TRAVELS IN EUROPE

YES, I traveled a lot "over there" with my Mistress and my Aunt Helen, and I heard them say, if I was a dog, that I was hardly any trouble at all. I had a splendid time on the steamer and was a general favorite with the crew. My ticket cost \$15, but it was only \$7.50 coming home on another line. I didn't have to ride in a baggage car on the trains over there, as dogs have to do in America, but went with my Mistress. She would buy a dog's ticket, with a tiny picture of a dog stamped on it, and the conductor punched it with hers, and then the guard at the railroad station took it up as I ran through the gate.

I traveled in France, Switzerland, Italy and Africa, and didn't have any passport. In England, though, it was different, and I had to stay in a quarantine kennel in Southampton while my Mistress went to London. She went to the one hundredth anniversary of the Royal S. P. C. A. and heard the Prince of Wales make a beautiful speech on "Kindness to Animals," but an old man said to her the next day, "The Prince had better shut up his mouth till he stops fox hunting!" The Prince was very tender-hearted, though, when he was a little boy, and wept bitterly, they said, when he found they had cut off his puppy's tail. "Nobody shall cut off puppies' tails when I am King," he sobbed out. President Lowell's cocker spaniel, at Harvard, has a long tail, and that ought to set the fashion for American dogs. Besides, it's

against the law to cut ears or tails, and I tell you I pity the cocker who hasn't a nice long tail to wag—a dog talks so much with his tail! My Mistress is very proud of mine, as well as my long ears. The little French children used to call out to me, "Qu'elles longues oreilles!" and wanted all the time to pat my ears and pull my curls. But I liked Paris and the French people for all that.

We spent Christmas in Paris where the French children always put their shoes in the chimney for Santa Claus to fill, instead of hanging up their stockings. There are Christmas shoes everywhere, of all kinds, sugar shoes, and chocolate shoes, as well as wooden ones, and on our Christmas-tree there were lovely chocolate shoes filled with candy, vegetables and fruits.

In Belgium, I went to the Picture Galleries, though once I had to be checked with the umbrellas. In Rome I went to the Pope's beautiful gardens in the Vatican and there I visited the Duchess, San Theodora. She loves American dogs, and Italian dogs, and all kinds of dogs—and cats, too. I like Duchesses, and I was very proud to sit on the platform with the Duchess of Hamilton when she spoke at my church in Boston.

We always celebrate "Be Kind to Animals" week in my church, and we have a special service in the Sunday-school on "Humane Sunday." My Mistress always gives a donation for me, for that, and also to help the other dogs, less fortunate than myself, who cannot travel in Europe!

This picture of me was taken in Florence in the park on San Miniato where the statue of David is. My Mistress calls it "Michael Angelo, and his little dog Patsy."

"PATSY" PEABODY



"PATSY" PEABODY IN FLORENCE

## BIG BROTHER

EVERY morning you can see him  
Scatt'ring grains of corn or wheat,  
While the pigeons flock together  
At the corner of the street,  
Grateful in their humble manner  
For the food he brings to eat.  
Somewhere in The Book it's written  
Bold and plain, where all may see,  
In an all-inclusive phrasing  
That encircles great and wee:  
"As ye've fed these least, MY brethren,  
Ye have given unto Me."

## GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAVORITE HORSES

GEORGE F. PAUL

AMONG the famous leaders of the Civil War times, few were better horsemen than General Ulysses S. Grant. Sheridan, on his black charger "Rienzi," was more spectacular, but as a real lover of horses and as a genuine friend to them, Sheridan did not surpass his commander-in-chief.

In Grant's campaign in the Wilderness he rode a spirited pony that was called "Jeff Davis." It was given that name because it had been captured in Mississippi on the plantation of Joe Davis, a brother of the Confederate president. General Grant took a fancy to the pony because it had a remarkably easy pace. This enabled the General to make his long daily rides with much more comfort than when mounted on inferior horses. Soon "Little Jeff," as he was affectionately called, won a place for himself in the Virginia campaign.

Another horse that carried Grant over many miles in Virginia was "Egypt." This horse was a bay and was bigger than Little Jeff. His legs were stronger and better fitted to carry the General over muddy roads. He was called Egypt because he had come from that section of lower Illinois known as Egypt.

General Grant had a peculiar way of mounting his horse. He used his hands but little to aid him. He placed his left foot in the stirrup, grasped the horse's mane near the withers with his left hand, and rose without making a spring by merely straightening the left leg until his body was high enough so that he could throw his right leg over the saddle. There was no jerky movement. In an instant he was in the saddle.

Mistreatment of horses aroused the General's ire as quickly as anything. In the Wilderness campaign General Grant came in sight of a teamster whose wagon was stalled in a swampy place. He was beating his horses brutally in the face with the butt end of his whip and swearing viciously. Putting both spurs to Egypt's flanks, General Grant dashed toward the teamster and, raising his clenched fist, called out to him, "What does this conduct mean, you scoundrel? Stop beating those horses!"

The teamster replied coolly as he struck another blow, "Well, who's a-drivin' this team anyhow, you or me?"

By this time Grant was thoroughly angered. "I'll show you," he cried, as he shook his fist in the man's face. "Here, officer, take this man in charge and have him tied up to a tree as a punishment for his brutality."

At West Point Grant excelled all others in his class in cavalry drill. He took great delight in mounting and breaking in the most unmanageable of the new horses that were brought in from time to time and put in the squad. He succeeded in this not by punishing the animal that he had taken in hand, but by patience and tact. He had great skill in making the horse understand what he wanted it to do. When Grant's turn came, the soldiers in attendance would, at a signal from him, raise the bar a foot or two higher than usual, and he would generally manage to clear it.

One of the best known of General Grant's horses was "Cincinnati," a large bay well fitted for campaign duties. He was a half-brother of "Asteroid" and "Kentucky," the famous racers, and was of excellent blood.

This horse carried Grant on his perilous night ride near the close of the war when, with a small escort, he set out to find Sheridan. It was about midnight when Grant and his officers encountered Sheridan's pickets. The cavalry were sleeping on their arms, and as the little party picked a way through their ranks, and the troopers woke up and recognized the General in the moonlight, they made many comments. One would say, "Why, there's the old man. Boys, this means business"; and another, "Great Scott! the old chief's out here himself. The rebels are going to get busted tomorrow, certain"; and a third, "Uncle Sam's joined the cavalry sure enough. You can bet there'll be lively times here in the morning."

This was the horse that President Lincoln took such a fancy to when he visited the army at the front. Cincinnati bore the President on his visit to the headquarters of General Butler and General Meade near Richmond. General Grant, mounted on Little Jeff, accompanied the President. Naturally there was considerable of a contrast between the looks of these two leaders. Lincoln, who wore a very high silk hat and was a very tall man, when mounted on the massive Cincinnati towered high above Grant. However, General Grant, on his smaller mount, was probably far more comfortable than his towering companion.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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THE response to the appeal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. sent out in February brought back some interesting replies. One who sent five dollars wrote: "I give this with much feeling." A business man responded: "Am glad you wrote me. I am very much interested in your work. Enclosed find check which I am glad to send you." This came from a Boston financier: "I wish I might help more. You may call again any time. My small donations to the purpose of your Society are the ones of all that give me the greatest pleasure."

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